





## READ AND RUN

Tinville, Pennsylvania, otherwise known as Oliville, is at present just ten years old.

Gossip reports of A. T. Stewart, of New York, that he neither smokes nor drinks.

This going to bed was not as safe as a cigar or a drink. Dead brother.

There was not enough done in business to make up for the loss.

These are the receipts of the firm from their first year of ag-

ing, averaging 94 lbs. at 6c.

22 sheets at 6c; 90 at 7c;

and 54 sheets, averaging 80

lb. sheep, averaging 70 lbs. at

213 sheep, 12,700 lbs. at

W. H. —Quitting cattle at the de-

parting the last lots down

now have a specific pay-

ment chance of several

cents on cattle or sheep.

W. H. —Markets.

## The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.  
THE NIGHT FISHERS OF GALLILEE.

Our Syria's featherly palm-groves,  
Softly fill the shades of night,  
As she aound up her golden robes  
The sleeping wave of Galilee.

The sleeping wave of Galilee,  
While the summer moon over Bashan's hills,  
Gleams bright on the water.

Up comes the fisherman, where twilight still lingered,  
In shades of crimson and gold,

The tender shepherd had pened his flock,  
Within the sheltering fold.

The sleeping wave of Galilee,  
And nestled his vesper hymn,

As all the world was at rest.

Then the distant Jordan sings,

From the narrow bays where the olive boughs  
Softly trail o'er the water, the bright waves,

By well trained oarsmen manned,

Then drifting along where the wild, cliff

Fling down their shadows gray,

They drop their nets by the broken sides

While they drift to the shore away;

A vision of a sight on that same blue sea,

When the dashing waves were stayed,

At the Saviour's voice to their fainting hearts,

"It is I, do not afraid."

So many fishers, so many folds,

In the light of the coming morn,

While the bairns on Her snowy brow

Forstall, the rosy dawn,

But the drowsing net set by the deep, the day,

Holds not the sought-for spoil;

The long night is past, it is vain,

When the dashing waves were stayed,

At the Saviour's voice to their fainting hearts,

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